

BARRE DAILY TIMES

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1907.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

4,550

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

The new planetary tangle is knots on Saturn's rings.

Woman's curiosity was effectually viced in Burlington this week.

When a man is missing they generally look up his finances and then him.

The royal heads of Spain seem to bear a charmed life. May it long continue.

Vermont killed one man for every two days of the deer hunting season.

Our murder trials are coming more and more to be trials of the prisoner's sanity rather than of his guilt.

One of the most depressing things ahead is the Thaw trial. Yet society owes it to itself to settle this miserable question.

Two New Hampshire young ladies who have just completed a 300-mile walk through Vermont can never be candidates for the Mollycoddle Club.

Politics are said to be lagging in Massachusetts, with the election less than a week away, and it seems too bad to add "No money for election day" as one of the prime reasons for the lack of interest. However, that is given as one of the causes.

RETURNING CONFIDENCE

Slowly the spirit of courage is percolating back into the mass of bank depositors in New York. Recovering from a financial ailment is much like getting on one's feet after a sharp run of illness; first are rather strange and wobbly at first. But if all signs do not fail, the prosperity of the country will be only simply checked for the time, although some radical evils may have to be remedied. The violent emotion, just given, will result in clearing out the financial system and leave it stronger and more reliable. High finance and recklessness have been given their rebuke and will stand aside, at least until the lesson may have worn off. Later the country may as well be prepared to stand the next shock, for the lesson will never be permanently learned. This semi-panic, coming midway of the usual periods, ought to suffice for the flurry that is due in 1913, at any rate.

ANOTHER KIND OF FOOLISHNESS.

There is another side to this story of slaughter of human lives during the open season for deer. It lends a little weight toward the exculpation of that class of individuals who have been described as "hair-trigger" hunters, but still the influence is not enough to make an appreciable difference in the general public condemnation of those who allow their recklessness to run away with themselves. But to do absolute justice, it should be stated that hunters do not themselves always take the ordinary precautions to avoid being shot. The Times refers particularly to their manner of dress on entering the woods. The following clipping from a Woodstock contemporary illustrates the point:

"Some of the hunters who are brought into public notice during the deer-shooting season need more watchful guardians. A Granville man, the story runs, donned a black fur coat and lay down under some bushes and waited for things to turn up. Another hunter happened along and the latter, furred and sported raised his head just in time to save his life."

It is near the limit of foolhardiness to go into woods swarming with hunters in such a costume, and the man who does it makes himself voluntarily the target of his fellow-men. Under such conditions as above described by the contemporary, public opinion would certainly have held the man blameless if he had shot and then learned that his supposed wild animal was instead a very foolish human creature. There are men who have no more sense than to do just what this "fur-clad sport" did. Unfortunately, in the three fatalities of the season just passed there is not this straw at which the shooters can grasp in their desire for exculpation. At least one of the victims took extra precaution, so it is said, to avoid being shot. And in spite of it he fell mortally wounded. However, that incident should not tend to lessen the efforts to make oneself distinguishable from animals of the woods, while the incident recited by the Woodstock contemporary ought to impress doubtly the necessity for more caution in the manner of apparel.

Notice to the Public.

We are still running a public survey and meeting all trains. Telephone 232-4. Paylin Bros.



Boys' Play Suits, School Suits and Party Suits. If your boy has a Halloween party on his card, we have the Suit that will do him justice. We've made a special study to get the best there is in Juvenile Clothing.

WE CLEAN, PRESS AND REPAIR CLOTHING.

F. ROGERS & CO.

174 North Main St., Barre, Vt.

JINGLES AND JESTS

Economical Buskirk.

In all his life he never shirked; While others played he set and worked, And on he worked, and on; All day J. Buskirk toiled and toiled, And after that he midnight-slept, Till it was almost dawn.

Excitements came off to his town, But J. Buskirk, he turned 'em down, Industrious and grim; No horse shows, elegant state fairs, Conventions, here or anywhere, Was anything to him.

An oddish man was J. Buskirk; We could not make him knock off work. And when he said, to kid: "Why don't you play and have some fun?" He laughed: "My playtime hasn't begun— I've work that must be done."

We lost the laugh on Buskirk when his playtime did begin—an' then We larks he let us see! For through them years of work he done He'd rolled up rooks for what grand fun Ain't for the likes of us.

Preparing.

They told the youngster to seek his feet in a tub of salt water if he wanted to toughen them. He soaked his hands, too. "It's pretty near time for me to get a licking," he explained. "Tomorrow I'm going to sit in it."—Tit-Bits.

An Alternative Suggested.

It was at a theatre in Manchester. The king, aged and infirm, was blessed with two sons. He was pacing up and down the stage with a worried, troubled look, exclaiming aloud: "On which of these my sons shall I bestow the crown?" Immediately came a voice from the gallery: "Why not 'arf a crown apiece, guv'nor!"—London Mail.

PUBLIC AUCTION!

Having sold my place, I will sell at public auction at my residence, 3-4 mile north of Williamstown village, on the Mill road to Barre,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, at 12:30 o'clock, p. m.

the following personal property: Eleven good cows, grade Jerseys, 4 fresh in milk, 3 to come in soon, 1 horse, 1 yearling heifer, a quantity of hay, one-horse mowing machine, horse rake, plow, harrows and other small tools, one-horse wagon, express wagon, buggy wagon, 1 sleigh, 1 one-horse sled, 1 work harness, 1 driving harness, some household furniture, dairy tools, consisting of No. 2 Omega cream separator, churn, butter worker, pails, pans, etc. Sale positive. Terms at sale.

W. E. WALKER

C. N. BARBER, Auctioneer.

Good Results

only can come from having your property insured against a LOSS by fire. Prompt adjustment of losses. Fairest insurance rates. Liberal treatment in figuring out the loss in case of fire are the good results of a fire insurance policy issued here.

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Resident Agent.

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STRAY PICKINGS OF LOCAL INTEREST

The "smallness of the world" is frequently brought home to people. It was impressed upon a Barre man who was recently attending a large conference in Chicago. He was approached by one of those present, F. B. Kellogg, an assistant to the United States attorney-general, and asked as to his place of residence.

"Vermont," was the Barre man's response.

"And what place in Vermont?" was the next question.

The local man gave the desired information.

"From Barre, are you?" was the surprised exclamation of Uncle Sam's attorney.

"My wife was born in Barre," he continued, "the daughter of George Cook and niece of Ben Cook." (The old settlers will remember.)

So the two felt very much acquainted. Mr. Kellogg's home is in Minneapolis.

Another incident at the same convention served to remind the Barre man of the smallness of things. He got acquainted with a man named Whitelaw from St. Louis, and was told that Mr. Whitelaw was born in the town of South Vergennes, that his brother still resides there, and that his great grandfather surveyed the township.

Still another incident at the same convention. A tall, rangy man, who might have been taken for a horseman at the first sight, loped up to the Barre man and shot out:

"You fun Vermont?"

Receiving an affirmative answer, he continued: "Waal, I've bought horses all up and down Vermont," and further conveyed the information that he had lived in Chicago for 23 years, but had a legal residence in Exeter, N. H. All of these were of course trivial incidents, but they impressed the Barre man that Vermont is not so very far from Chicago, from Minneapolis or from St. Louis after all. Doubtless many who read this have had similar experiences during their wanderings about the land and the sea. The writer has for one. While journeying up to the quaint old English town of Stratford-on-Avon, the summer just passed he fell in with an honest stranger (an American), to learn with much surprise that they had a mutual acquaintance and that person happened to be a former resident of Barre, too. So it goes. Perhaps if you should be dropped down in the middle of India you would find someone who knew someone whom you knew.

To be lied about is bad enough. But to have the lie reach the extent of having one's self dead, refined and ready for burial is the superlative of lies. That is the delightful experience of one Barre man who went out for deer last week. He hadn't much more than time to get into the woods before the story became noised abroad here that he had been wounded. Another story had him killed. He turned up after the season, vowing vengeance on the man who thus killed him off before his time.

Chameleon-like, Mother Nature is just on the point of donning her coat of white in this northern region, to form a protection from the frigid atmosphere and chill blasts which Old Winter blows from his great nostrils. Wonderful are the transitions which the gentle lady undergoes throughout the twelve-month. Beginning in spring, when the first daintily tinted shoots of vegetation poke their way into the warming air, there is an ever-changing vision of beautiful colorings to the coat which Nature wears. There is the deepening green of the grass, of the leaves and of all vegetable life, with here and there the monotony of the color relieved with the varied tints of the flower and the blossom. Then again, under the influence of the breath of autumn, the coat changes to red, vermilion, gold, in all the delicate tints, shading imperceptibly into each other. Still again, under the numbing grip of the frothing air, Nature dons her garments of brilliant coloring, turns to the more sedate browns and drabs, finally to become robed in dun color, as if mourning for the year that is departed. And last of all, the filmy covering of white, "neath which Nature wicks herself away for the long sleep during which Old Winter reigns in all the majesty of his power. From winter to winter Nature affords one vast, ever-changing panorama of the beautiful. It's the least interesting just before the arrival and just after the departure of the snow.

PURSUED BY FIRE.

Burlington Man, John Grace, Was Considerably Burned.

Burlington, Oct. 30.—The fire department was called out yesterday afternoon about 2:45 o'clock for a fire at the residence of John Grace, 187 South Campbell street. The department made a pretty run to the scene of the fire, where they found a blaze well under way in the kitchen of the house. Mr. Grace stated that he was heating some cement on the back of the kitchen stove, for putting a roof, and was in the back yard with a pail of hot tar in his hands when someone called to him that the kitchen was on fire. He ran into the house with the pail of tar blazing, and dropped it just inside the door. This started another fire and the whole kitchen seemed in flames when the department arrived. The fire was soon extinguished by use of the chemical apparatus, and aside from the burning of a few clothes and scorching of the woodwork, no damage was done. Mr. Grace was slightly burned about the face in trying to put out the fire.

ABE ATTELL WON.

Knocked Fred Weeks Down Five Times in The Fourth Round.

Los Angeles, Oct. 30.—Abe Attell last night won from Fred Weeks of Cripple Creek in the fourth round of a scheduled twenty round contest for the feather-weight championship. The title holder was a two to one favorite in the betting. He knocked Weeks down five times in the fourth round and the referee stopped the fight.

Baldwin Beats Sullivan.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 30.—Referee Tim Hurst last night at the Eureka Athletic club gave Matty Baldwin of Boston the decision over Kid Sullivan at Washington at the close of a 15 round bout during the course of which Sullivan more than once had Baldwin in bad shape, but failed to follow up his advantage. Baldwin showed himself the better boxer, but his blows lacked force.

THE SCRAP BOOK

The Loan Was Returned.
Just why she was carrying a five cent piece in her hand as she climbed into the car was not quite clear. A stout gentleman in the cross seat in front of her turned as she entered, for she was very pretty. His hat brim struck the hand with the nickel daintily held between thumb and finger, and the coin dropped down his back.

"I'm really very sorry," she stammered as he gave a convulsive shudder, for it was evident that the nickel was sliding down the length of his spine.

"It's of no consequence at all," said the stout gentleman. "I don't feel it at all now. If you have a silver dollar or a gold locket or—"

"But," she began, still more flustered, "I really must have it back again, for it's the only change I have."

The smile dropped off the face of the stout gentleman, and he began to look apprehensive. His hands moved falteringly toward his collar button and then fluttered toward his belt buckle.

"Hold on there!" shouted a hale old gentleman farther along the seat. "If it's coming to that, we'll take up a collection. For the time being that nickel has got to stay right where it is."

And the stout gentleman, catching the suggestion, put his hand into his pocket and, with a low bow, said, "Permit me, madam, to return your loan."

Not a Sport.
A well known clubman of Boston was married during the early days of last winter to a charming Wellesley girl, who, of her many accomplishments, is proudest of her cooking.

The husband returned late one afternoon to his home in Brookline to discover that his wife was "all tired out."

"You look dreadfully fatigued, little one," came from hubby in a sympathetic tone.

"I am," was the reply. "You see, dear, I heard you say that you liked rabbit, so early this morning I went to the market to get you one. I meant to surprise you with a broiled rabbit for dinner, but I'm afraid you'll have to take something else. I've been hard at work on the rabbit all day, and I haven't got it more than half picked."

Against His Creed.
The noted Rabbi Hirsch had arisen to give his seat to a young woman in a crowded street car, but before she could take it a burly young fellow slid into it.

The rabbi looked intently at him, and, after an uncomfortable silence, the young fellow blurted out: "Well, what're you glarin' at me for? Want to eat me?"

"No," calmly replied the rabbi, "I am forbidden to eat you—I am a Jew."—Chicago News.

Dead Letter Office Mail.
A traveling man received the following telegram from his wife:

"Twins arrived tonight. More by mail."

He went at once to the nearest office and sent the following reply:

"I leave for home tonight. If more come by mail, send to dead letter office."

More Than They Wanted.
On his trip homeward by trolley a tired business man was annoyed by three middle aged ladies who stood near him. They seemed determined that he should offer one of them his seat.

He screened himself behind his paper and listened to plainly audible remarks about the decline of gallantry. This grated on his nerves, so he arose and, with a profound bow, addressed the three.

"Will the oldest of you ladies honor me by accepting my place?"

Whereupon they became interested in the advertisements over the windows, and the man resumed his seat.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Close View.
Telescope Proprietor—Step up, ladies and gents, and view the planet Mars. One penny, mum.

Old Lady—Oh, lor! Hain't it round and smooth!

Telescope Proprietor—Will the bald-headed gent please step away from the front of the instrument?

Two Foolish Situations.
A farmer went into a hardware store and while purchasing some tools was asked by the proprietor if he did not want to buy a bicycle.

"A bicycle won't eat its head off," said the man, "and you can ride around your farm on it. They're cheap now, and I can let you have one for \$35."

"I'd rather put the \$35 in a cow," replied the farmer.

"You'd look mighty foolish riding round your farm on a cow," said the hardware man sarcastically.

"No more foolish than I would miking a bicycle."

Helped the Mayor Out.
An imposing cemetery was about to be opened in a western town. The mayor, who had charge of the laying out of the grounds, was puzzled for an appropriate inscription to put over the gate. Riding along in his automobile one day, he was cogitating over different holy texts, so he explained his difficulty to his chauffeur. "What would you suggest?" he asked.

"We have come to stay," was the prompt reply.

Washington and Teacher Differed.
The teacher was announcing the holiday of Feb. 22 and asking them questions concerning its observance, among others, why the birthday of Washington should be celebrated more than that of any one else. "Why," she added, "more than mine? You may tell me," she said to a little fellow eager to explain.

"Because he never told a lie!"

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EVERY NIGHT AT 8.10 O'CLOCK SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.10 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

Vacuum Cleaner Nightmare
Too Much Mother-in-Law
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The Children's Reformatory
The Valet Who Stole Tobacco
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"The Bird on Nellie's Hat," "Fanella,"
"Neath the Old Cherry Tree."

JENNIE LAWS, Soprano.
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Minnie Barbour, Contralto, Monday, Tuesday and Saturday.

Agnes Cook, Soprano, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

Adults 10c. - Children under Ten Years 5c.
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AT THE THEATRIUM TO-NIGHT

JAMES ROACH, MANAGER.

PRESENTS

WILLIAM ROBERTSON

Baritone

will sing each evening

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will sing each afternoon

Pictures This Afternoon and Evening

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

(beautifully colored)

A CASE OF ARSON

(one of the greatest pictures made; very exciting and sure to please)

Come in any time and stay as long as you like. No extra charge for staying from one show to the next. Also lutely no offensive pictures.

SONG, "SOUTHERN GIRL"

Admission - 5 Cents.

Children under 10 years of age admitted free, afternoon only, when accompanied by either parent.

40 NORTH MAIN STREET.

OUR DAILY BREAD

For bread the merchant labors, long and late;

For bread the beggar goes from gate to gate;

For bread the sailor loses hearth and home;

For bread the wild birds fall in net and gin;

For bread do men commit a thousand sins;

For bread the soldier dies in siege or fray;

For bread the minstrel carols night and day;

For bread men study all that men may know;

The house that wanteth our bread is filled with woe;

This, our bread, that invites your family as one;

Its lack divides the father from the son;

For bread, or weddings made, and so many more;

Of all good things the very best is our double loaf of Malt Bread.

CITY BAKERY,

Barre - - - - - Vermont

Guns and Rifle.

Stevens' Shot Guns, \$6.00

Stevens' Maynard Jr., 2

calibre Rifle, - - \$2.4

McCall's Animal Deco

for trappers.

Raw Furs bought.

Earl S. Shepard

APPLES

\$2 at Car, \$2.10 Delivered

A few barrels of my car o

Lake Apples left which have

been selling at \$2.50, to close

at \$2.00 at the car or \$2.10

delivered. Greenings, Baldwins and a few Russets. I

shall have no more Apples this

season at these prices. 15 barrels Pears at from \$2.00 to

\$3.50.

S. E. HINSDALE

Wrappers at 95c and \$1.00 Each!

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY SALE

All our Percal Wrappers left in stock sold for \$1.19 to \$1.48, to close at, each, - 95c

For two days only—Five dozen Fleece Wrappers that we are selling at \$1.19 to \$1.25.

Two days only, your choice for, each, \$1.00

We Are Ready For You

To select your Winter Goods, Ladies' Coats, Skirts, Waists, Furs, Fleece and Wool Underwear for Women, Boys' and Girls' Sweaters, Outing Flannel, Comfortables and Blankets.

SMALL EXPENSES OUR TRADE-MARK SMALL PROFITS

The Vaughan Store

For Chapped and Cracked Hands

THERE IS NOTHING BETTER THAN

Colgate's Camphor Ice, - - - 10c a Box

Cold Cream, - - - 10c, 15c and 25c a Package

Balsam and Cedar Salve, - - - 25c a Roll

WE HAVE EVERYTHING FOR CHAPPED AND CRACKED HANDS.

D. F. DAVIS, "The Druggist,"

262 NORTH MAIN STREET, - - - BARRE, VERMONT

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With prices from our Grocery Department. We can save you money on your goods and give you the best quality, too.

Nice 50c Jap, English Breakfast and Oolong Teas, per pound, 39c

Chase & Sanborn's and Monadnock Coffee, the 35c quality,

per pound, - - - - - 32c

Best 3-Crown Raisins, per pound, - - - - - 10c

All Spices, per quarter, - - - - - 7c

Special For This Week Only—White Daisy Sweet Corn, the 10c quality, per can, 7c.

Our Rebate Checks Save You Five Per Cent Discount.

McAllister Bros., East Barre, Vt

For the Sick Room

HOT WATER BOTTLES that don't leak. Try our kind. Every one warranted.

E. A. DROWN,

48 No. Main St., Opp. Nat'l Bank.

Closing-out Sale

WALL PAPER!

Having bought out my partner, I wish to close out all stock on hand, and to do so I will sell all wall paper in the store at 25 to 35 per cent discount.

UNION WALL PAPER CO.,

ANDREW BJORN, Prop.

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